

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE IS STILL IN JOHNNY DUNDEE'S KEEPING

PEPPER MARTIN DEFEATED BY VETERAN RING ARTIST

Vincent Fails to Land His Haymaker on the Famous Scotch Wop.

By Ed. Van Every.

JOHNNY DUNDEE'S junior lightweight title may be considered quite safe so far as Pepper Martin is concerned. Last night's fight was merely to determine whether a wild swing had any chance against a human fighting machine. More than 15,000 curious folk, most of them good customers, gathered at the New York Velodrome to get the answer, and many were more or less peeved because what happened was only what they expected. They hoped for the worst and that was the best they got. Johnny Dundee has taken one on the jaw for the count during his career just once; maybe if he keeps on fighting long enough the accident may happen again some night. Last night was not the night.

Martin, whose first name is Vincent, but doesn't fight like that kind of a guy, tried hard to live up to the Pepper cognomen. But it needed more pepper than was Martin's to make a ring meal of Old Man Dundee. In addition to his wild swing Martin brought with him rare condition and plenty of fighting heart. The result should have been a better battle than it amounted to.

As a matter of fact, the setto was by no means as thrilling as it might have been. Dundee at times made Martin look positively foolish. In several of the rounds, notably the tenth, Johnny had Pep so badly mixed up that he slammed over rights and lefts to the jaw almost at will. Yet at no time was the Brooklyn boy in serious danger. Pepper may at times have looked foolish, but this was far from being unconscious.

As round after round wore along with Dundee's punch making no particular impression, and Martin's wallop going nowhere in particular expressions of disappointment were plainly audible. Of course the Scotch Wop has never shown anything much in the way of a knockout punch, but after his K. O. of Danny French the Dundee admirers were expecting much of their favorite. Martin is usually not a hard man to drop, but aside from being pushed down in the first and tripping to the canvas on another occasion, Dundee was unable to spill his milk.

Dundee felled Martin into knots and all manner of foolish positions, and Pepper's ducking and bobbing was at times grotesque to say the least. The Brooklyn boy opened the first round with wild swings that missed so hard it looked dangerous, and Dundee pressed him about in a business-like and determined manner. Everybody decided that something would happen before the night was over.

Martin stuck over a right that jarred before the end of the round, and in the second there was some fair exchanges with honors about even, but by the third Dundee had Martin's style pretty well figured and he jarred him with straight lefts.

Vance Loses to Cooper In Eleven-Inning Contest

The Robins in a Double-Header in Getaway at Pittsburgh To-Day.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 29.—Uncle Robbie played his strongest card yesterday when he checked Dazzy Vance at the Pirates and Dazzy lost to Southpaw Wilbur Cooper in 11 innings by 4 to 3. Robbie had been naming Ruether to pitch that game, but when he saw Manager McKechnie would nominate the great and only Wilbur Cooper, the Brooklyn boss switched to Vance, whose work in the past two months has been far superior to that of Ruether.

Vance tried hard and lost. It was a great battle and they might have continued until dark if Otto Miller had not thrown wildly to second base when Carey stole after singling in the eleventh with one out. Carey took an extra base on the error and scored on Carson Bibeau's infield hit with the run that won.

Robbie is now confronted with three pitchers supposed to be ready for today. They are Ruether, Leon Cadore and Burleigh Grimes. Cadore beat the Pirates in a rough and tumble contest when the Robins were winning a doubleheader here on Friday. Grimes started in the first game that day, was twice handed the lead, and twice lost it. He had to be taken out and Arthur Decatur finally won when the Robins rallied for a pair of runs in the ninth round.

Grimes had been complaining of a sore arm and his pitching on Friday was such that a Brooklyn fan would have diagnosed it as a broken arm. He had nothing on the ball and the Pittsburgh rosters panned the Pirates for not making twice as many runs as they did off the one-time star right hander.

Ruether has apparently begun to see the need of hustling if he hopes to keep up the good work which caused the Brooklyn fans to present

14,280 FANS PAY \$41,349 TO SEE THE DUNDEE-MARTINGO

By John Pollock.

More than 15,000 spectators witnessed last night's boxing show at the New York Velodrome, of which 14,280 were paid admissions. The gross receipts were \$41,349, of which Johnny Dundee, the winner of the feature bout, drew down \$14,730.67, and Pepper Martin, the loser, was paid \$8,838.34. The net receipts, less the State tax, were \$39,281.55. The tickets sold were as follows:

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1,408 at \$1.....\$1,408
6,228 at \$2.....12,456
4,171 at \$3.....12,513
1,205 at \$5.....6,025
1,268 at \$7.....8,876
Exchanges.....71
Total.....\$41,349

Johnny administered some severe body punishment in the fifth, which wound up with a pretty lively spasm of fighting, and the sixth was Martin's only round where he gained a real advantage. The Brooklyn boy connected with several long lefts and one right uppercut to the body that must have hurt.

The seventh and eighth rounds were fairly even, with few damaging punches landed, but from then on the fight was all Dundee. Johnny almost jabbed Pepper's head off, and in the tenth a left flush to the nose had Martin bleeding. Martin tried to steal Dundee's stuff by bounding back from the ropes, and even seemed to be jumping Jack tactics, but they didn't get him much other than a few extra cracks on the jaw. And, as already indicated, they didn't seem to have Martin in any particular danger. However, there was no doubt as to Dundee being entitled to the verdict. Martin weighed 130 and Dundee 124½.

Pete Hartley ran against a tartar in the twelve-round semi-final in Andy Thomas, an Italian boy from the east side. Thomas has only been fighting about nine months, is very green and wide open in his attack, but this kid owns a wallop that is likely to make him a dangerous boy if he is handled right and doesn't get all the fight beaten out of him inside of the next few months. Hartley is a former champion, but he was plainly jarred by the impact. Thomas did not seem to put much weight or snap in his blows, either, but the dynamite was plain there. The judges decided a draw, which was fair enough to both boys. Thomas weighed 137½ and Hartley 140.

Jimmy Kirk was winner over Nick Scannon in the four-round opener, and Hughie Hutchins was the winner of a good six-rounder over Jimmy Conney.

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AS THE game rolled along in the early stages, all even up, Col. Tullingham L'Hommedieu Huston, the sportsman and baseball owner, sat next to Major Pierre Drouillard, slumming among the scribes. Both are noted for unparliamentary, preferring to see a good game to a victory.

"Ah," exclaimed the Colonel, "this is baseball. I like it close." As Ruth hit the dust for the first time it was noted that the Colonel's knee was working like a pulmotor. "Listen," said Hughey McGuire, for fifty years a fan, "that's convention talk—a war conversation. My idea of good sport is for the Yanks to make fifteen runs in the first inning and for the Browns not to get more than two men on bases all during the game." "I'm not to argue with you, Hughey—what h?" "Wham!" Wallie Schang had interrupted the conversation with a clean smack for a single.

Meusel went out on a fly just as the Colonel spoke Major Drouillard in the left shin, his skating foot slipping off the concrete.

"Who's that?" inquired the Major. Ward was coming up. "That fellow," explained the Colonel, "held us up for eight thousand dollars last night."

"Kersock!" A hefty wallop had flattened the old onion and it was sailing to the fence for three sacks. Schang skidded across the pan.

And was worth it," ejaculated the calm Colonel, failing to catch his right foot before it banged Hugo Igoe, a scribe, in the ribs. Hype was sitting on the floor.

"Why don't you old fellows look at that Shawkey's pitching," suggested Major Drouillard. "I never forgot a game I played in."

"Watch him go after old Severed. Now that boy!"

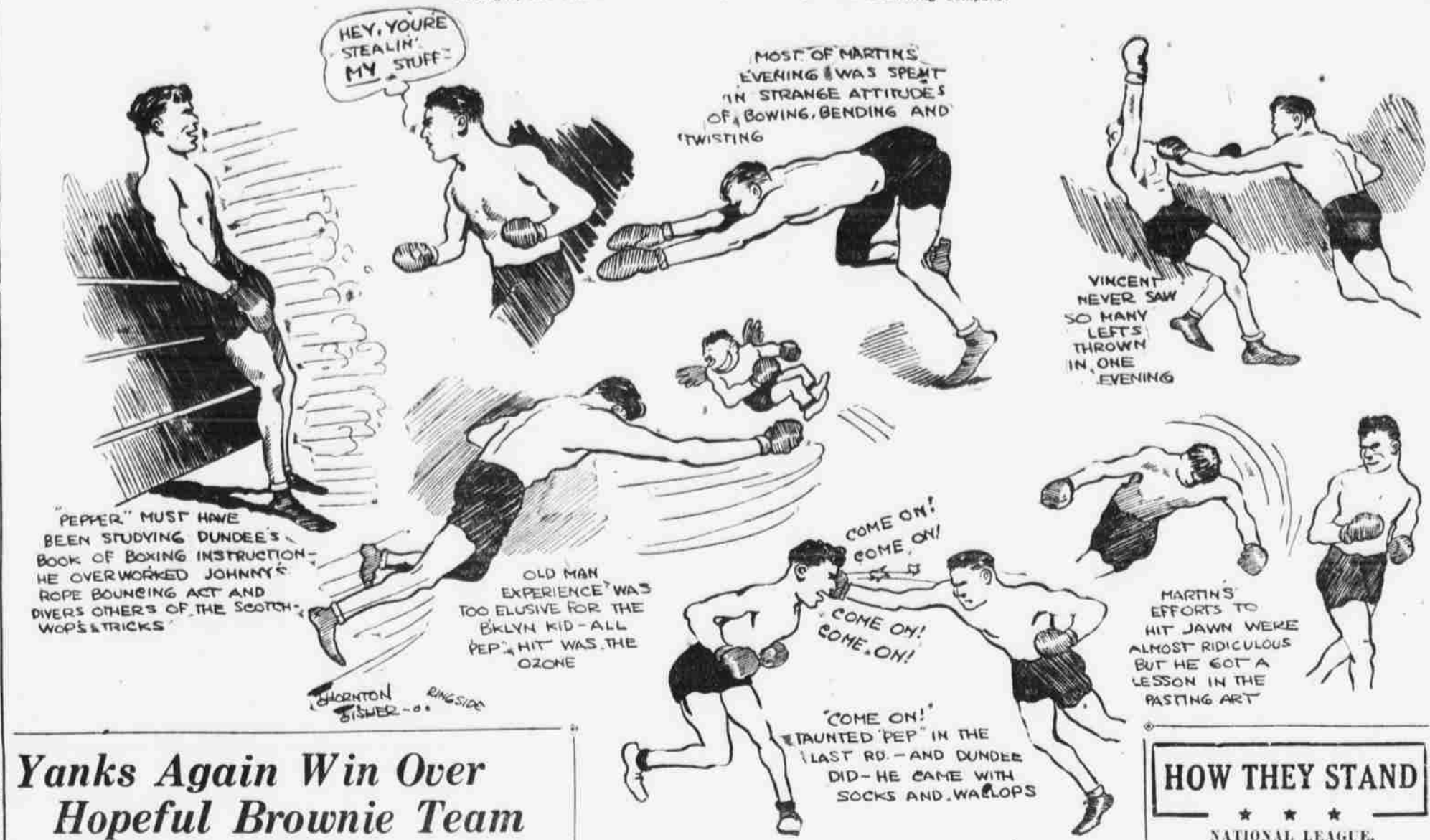
"Kerblome!" The last sound of the pill it was bouncing around in the right field bleachers. An emergency call was sent for a doctor. A fan had been hit on the head.

"So you like these close ones, do you?" snarled old Uncle Hughey McGuire, glaring at the Colonel. Now it's all tied up in a knot. Now, if it wasn't for Prohibition I'd—yes—I'd!

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THE DUNDEE-MARTIN ACROBATICS

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Yanks Again Win Over Hopeful Brownie Team In Nerve-Wracking Game

Shawkey Outpitches Shocker in Eleven-Inning Battle at Polo Grounds.

By Bozeman Bulger.

Synopsis of previous chapters: For three days the Browns and Yanks have fought a strenuous battle, the league leadership hanging in the balance. On Sunday the Browns played for rain that the league leadership hanging in the balance. On Sunday the Browns played for rain that the league leadership hanging in the balance.

The scene is the press box, where leading citizens have foregathered with the scribes and Pharisees to show their democracy.

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It was to be a battle to the death he was ready.

"Hughey," suggested the Colonel, "you know, there's something in what you said about sportsmanship—and—Prohibition."

"Hey!" yelled Tammany Young, an actor, "put a weight on that right knee, Colonel. Two of me ribs is broke."

Williams, the home run hitter, was on second and one out. Severed, the slugger, appeared on the scene.

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Major Drouillard, "Has Bob lost his nerve?" A hit mount the home, maybe. The Colonel's knee started at about 2,500 R. P. M. (Revolutions per minute).

Shawkey, taking no chances, purposely passed Severed. A moment later Gerber rolled out on an easy grounder.

"That's baseball," declared the Colonel. "I've always said!" It came around to the ninth. Phip whacked Shocker to get a two-bagger. The St. Louis ace promptly passed Wallie Schang to get at Meusel. And Meusel popped out to center.

"Hughey, I call that kind of yellow, don't you? That ain't baseball. I've always warned our players never to—"

"Shut up," ordered Drouillard, "and watch that Shawkey!"

CHAPTER III.
THE battle went on, passing through the ninth and to the tenth. The great throng was in nervous hysteria. The pennant, they thought, flapped in the balance.

It would be hard to estimate the gross jump in the throats of that crowd. Dripping ice water Shawkey stood toe to toe with the cool Shocker, hurling the old pill for victory or death.

In but a short while the Browns would have to quit the field and start for Cleveland. The Colonel's knee had run down to about 1,100 R. P. M. There were casualties throughout the stand. The game was a tight, not a mistake had been made.

"Of course," he whispered to old Hughey. "I like 'em close, but six runs ain't much of a lead—and here it is one to one!"

Jumping Joe Dugan flipped a Texas leaguer that fell safe over second. The Colonel's foot landed on half cocked and wounding a scribe.

Ruth, the Bambino, popped weakly to Meusel. "Wham!" Wallie Phip whipped a beauty to the right field wall, jumping Joe skidding into third.

A lody fan back of us fainted. It was a bad game, all right. "Oh, you yellow pup!" suddenly ejaculated the Major, targeting his dignity.

Shocker was again passing Wallie Schang and filling the bases. "If that's a hit," he whispered to old Hughey. "I like 'em close, but six runs ain't much of a lead—and here it is one to one!"

Both feet slipped out from under the Colonel and he lost his balance. Meusel had swung at the second strike.

"Why don't they give a fellow like Shawkey a chance? Why?" "Wham!" Meusel had lifted a long fly to center. Dugan skopped in. The game, the battle, the scene, the pennant—so far as that game was concerned—was over. Wilbur Vance were being revived all over the stand.

Robert Shawkey, the hero, was carried off the field. The Colonel, gave him fresh water and—"So you are one of the fellows who like your baseball close, eh?" Joyful bells rang out through our city. St. Louis is in total darkness. Virtue triumphed.

THE END.
BASEBALL TO-DAY, 3:30 P. M. POLO Grounds, Yonkers N. Y. Washington—Adv.

Fortune Hinges on Result of Big Fight

Tut Jackson Will Take "Million-Dollar Fight" With Dempsey if He Beats Wills To-Night.

By John Pollock.

Easily the most important colored boxing match that has taken place in this city in many years will be held to-night at Ebbets Field, when Harry Wills, regarded as Jack Dempsey's Nemesis and who is signed to box the world's champion within the next year, and Tut Jackson, the powerful Ohio heavyweight, face each other in a fifteen-round bout. Billy McCannoy, who is helping to handle Jackson's affairs, says that the new-comer will prove a surprise and that he will earn the right to meet Dempsey instead of Wills. If Wills loses it will cost him a match that might result in his becoming a millionaire in a few years.

Joe Meinhardt, Brooklyn featherweight, has been signed for three more bouts by his manager, George Kibben. Meinhardt must back these for eight rounds at Ebbets Field. On Friday night he boxes a six-round bout at Rockaway beach. On Friday night, he meets Jackie Murray at the Ridgewood Club Sept. 9.

John Fox, another battler in the Kibben stable, faces Sammy Taylor in the main event of twelve rounds at Mitchell Field to-morrow night.

Earl Bated, after a long wait, is now boxing in the last form show he came east. He has been fighting for some time, which he beat Kid Wagner at Philadelphia. On Friday night he will box a six-round bout at Rockaway beach. On Friday night, he meets Jackie Murray at the Ridgewood Club Sept. 9.

Wildcat Nelson, Brooklyn's sensational lightweight, participated in two slugging contests last week. He first met Paul Doyle at Rockaway, and then he fought a twenty-five straight win and while he never won a straight win, he did win a few. Walker, a Long Branch and won on a foul in the second round, after a round and a half of nothing that had the beach fans yelling their heads off.

Sam Walsh, manager of Earl Francis, the sensational coast lightweight, says that Francis got \$1,500, and \$1,000, for fighting for boxing in.

Francis says he lost because the weight, 125½ pounds, was too much for him. He is a very strong pugilist, however.

Sammy Smith, the Brooklyn bantamweight, looks like one of the best bats among the challengers of Joe Lynch. He has scored twenty-five straight wins and while he never won a straight win, he did win a few. Walker, a Long Branch and won on a foul in the second round, after a round and a half of nothing that had the beach fans yelling their heads off.

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HOW TUT JACKSON AND WILLS COMPARE

Harry Wills	Tut Jackson
29 years.	Age.
6 ft. 4 in.	Height.
210 lbs.	Weight.
76 in.	Reach.
16 in.	Neck.
44 in.	Chest (Nar.).
37 in.	Chest (Exp.).
48 in.	Waist.
22 in.	Thigh.
14½ in.	Arm.
8 in.	Ankle.
14½ in.	Forearm.
7½ in.	Wrist.

Harry Wills, 29 years, 6 ft. 4 in., 210 lbs., 76 in. reach, 16 in. neck, 44 in. chest (Nar.), 37 in. chest (Exp.), 48 in. waist, 22 in. thigh, 14½ in. arm, 8 in. ankle, 14½ in. forearm, 7½ in. wrist.

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HOW THEY STAND

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
N.York 74 46 617 Pitts'h 68 55 546
Chicago 68 54 557 Brklyn 58 62 463
St.Louis 67 54 554 Phila. 41 73 360
Cinatti 68 56 548 Boston 38 80 322

GAMES YESTERDAY.
Pittsburgh, 4; Brooklyn, 3 (11 in.)
Other teams not scheduled.

GAMES TO-DAY.
Brooklyn at Pittsburgh (two games).
Chicago at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
N.York 74 50 597 Chicago 60 63 488
St.Louis 73 52 584 Wash'n 58 65 472
Detroit 68 57 544 Phila. 50 70 477
Cleveland 63 61 508 Boston 42 74 383

GAMES YESTERDAY.
New York, 2; St. Louis, 1 (11 in.).
Chicago, 3; Philadelphia, 3 (first).
Philadelphia, 7; Chicago, 2 (second).
Cleveland-Boston (rain).

Other teams not scheduled.
GAMES TO-DAY.
Washington at New York.
St. Louis at Cleveland.
Boston at Philadelphia.
Chicago at Detroit.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.
W. I. P. C. W. I. P. C.
Baltimore 95 40 704 Toronto 67 69 493
Rochester 82 54 603 Reading 57 80 416
Buffalo 79 61 564 Syracuse 52 86 395
J. City. 73 64 533 Newark 42 93 311

GAMES YESTERDAY.
Buffalo, 8; Jersey City, 2.
Rochester, 3; Reading, 1.
Other teams not scheduled.

GAMES TO-DAY.
Newark at Rochester.
Jersey City at Syracuse.
Baltimore at Toronto.
Reading at Buffalo.

CLARENCE CARMEN IN RACE OF NATIONS
Clarence Carmen, one-hour molar, paced track record may be broken to-night when five of the best followers of pace behind the sputtering motors compete in the continuation series of the "Race of Nations," at the New York Velodrome, 225th Street and Broadway.

Carmen is among the quintet entered, including Victor Linart, of Belgium, champion of the world; Jules Miquel, of France; Charles Verkyen, of Belgium and Georges Colombatto, of Italy.

Carmen leads in the point table over such rivals as Linart, George Chapman and Vincent Madonna. The